

WOMAN'S WORLD.

RALLYING THEIR FORCES FOR A CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK.

Beauty Culture—Philadelphia Women Protest.—The Inventor of a Rag Baby.

Women Artists of New York—Women Is Chemistry—in the Dining Room.

Women are rallying their forces for the most vigorous campaign ever fought in the cause of woman's suffrage, and mass meetings will be held at the 90 county seats of New York before the opening of the constitutional convention in May. The speaker is Susan B. Anthony, who is possessed of double energy and enthusiasm when a campaign is in progress. She is booked to speak at every convention and probably will speak every night besides. For 25 years Miss Anthony has carried with her the ring of the seals made by Horace Greeley in 1867, when the question of giving woman's suffrage in the constitution at that time was referred to a committee of which he was chairman. "This is the negro's time, and the women can wait." The women have waited, and this time Miss Anthony is determined to win.

Mrs. Stanton has retired from the open conflict, but she is the Nestor of the camp and will wield her rigorous pen to good purpose and with Miss Anthony. Mrs. Carrie Lane Chapman, fresh from her great victory in Colorado, where she was the chief orator of the campaign, will also be one of the speakers. She is a young and pretty woman, with a magnetic, ringing voice and a gift of inspiring eloquence. The Rev. Anna Shaw will place her only without faltering enthusiasm at the disposal of the committee, and Mrs. Eliza Smith Darrow who won her laurels in the South Dakota campaign and is eloquent in an unusual degree, is also among the speakers. Mrs. Julia Devereux Blodget and Mrs. Jean Brooks Greenleaf and a host of other gifted women are rallying all their powers for the supreme effort.

If any one thinks these warhorses of the movement are tailors' oil chargers, they would be greatly surprised to look in upon the gathering of young and attractive women whose names figure on the anti-slavery committees. Another surprise in store for the belated individual who cherishes the traditional idea of a dowdy dress, short-haired suffragist. Every head is beautiful, with its crown of braids, from Mrs. Stanton's snow-white puffs, Miss Anthony's gray and snowy bays of hair, combed smoothly down, each side the earing, to the curly locks of the younger women.

They are well and fashionably dressed women too. Miss Anthony looks like a gentlewoman of the old school in the velvet jacket and broad of wearing, with the bit of diamond point lace in the neck and sleeves, and the younger women dress in the conventional style of the day, without eccentric conceits.—*New York Sun.*

Beauty Culture.

At Miss Velt's lecture on "Beauty Culture" the audience was composed mostly of the middle class, although there was a fair sampling of society people. After a musical overture by the orchestra, the members of the band made their exit, as women were permitted to be present. As the curtain rolled up Miss Velt, a vision of feminine loveliness, stepped before the audience. She wore pinkish lavender silkights, which displayed the soft contour of her finely molded bust, satin slippers without heels, a pointed satin bodice without corsets, trimmed in silver and cut very low on the full white neck. Her appearance justified the supposition that she was a young girl of 16, although her real age, as she declares, is 41. The fair orator at different times during the discourse called attention to the beauties of her face and person, the graceful curves of her body as well as the exquisite coloring of her skin, complimenting these remarks by saying that such had been the verdict of critics all over the country. Her golden hair was long, soft, but twisted in a loose twist, so as to look almost short.

Miss Velt bemoaned her address by an apology for appearing in tights, but claimed that no men were present. In this costume she gave a few practical lessons in physical culture, showing that every one should walk from the hip and on the toes, any woman at 43 might look as young as a girl by close study of her case and an unceasing attention to the treatment necessary. Corsets should be discarded, as they destroy the outlines of the figure. The first letter of recommendation to a woman, she said, is to be beautiful. It is another that rules the world and is within every woman's grasp. The lecturer then changed her costume, appearing in an evening gown of rose-colored silk, and concluded her talk, concluding with a few remarks on the cultivation of a well modulated voice.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Philadelphia Women Protest.

At a recent meeting of the Woman Suffrage Society of Philadelphia Mrs. Blankenburg read a statement that the amount of property owned by women in five wards of the city amounted to \$20,000,000. In the Fifteenth ward 26 per cent of the taxes are paid on property owned by women. Besides this fact, she said, women were given no voice in the distribution of funds. The society will have a table made for distribution showing the exact amount of taxes paid by women in all wards of the city. An appropriation was made at this meeting to hire a lecturer to speak before other women's societies in the city in explanation of the suffrage question.

Miss M. Hansen, president of the Ladies' Liberal League, requested that a lecturer be sent to speak on the suffrage question before the league members. Miss Henderson, who is prominent in the Women's Union in the Interest of Labor, accented the request. Working women, she said, were almost culpably indifferent to the suffrage question, which would be of so much benefit to

them. Should the question of suffrage and the advantages to be derived from it be explained, the membership of the society would be greatly augmented from the ranks of the working women of the city.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Inventor of a Rag Baby.

Woman occasionally comes up with a fortune gained through some simple though fortunate patent. Such is the woman who invented the bats that come by the yard, so to speak, and which are studded with cotton after being cut out and sewed up. Many a child goes to its shrubbery, hugging that cushion cat. And the inventor is embracing the comfort to be gotten out of \$20,000.

And now comes a similar invention in a form even more attractive to little people. It is a worthy successor to the rag baby and much more artistic. The weary mother may cease from that everlasting trial of pinning a shawl around a pillow or wadding up a sheet in the semblance of a baby. It comes to the yard, too, does this doll baby, and the inventor has varied the sex. It's a boy. The dolls come in all shapes of the negro and white population, and the clothes, consisting of blouse, trousers and blouse jacket, may be blue, blue, brown or red.

Mrs. Maria Gutzell is the name of the lady who has invented and patented this new specimen of dollhood. She is the wife of one of the professors in the art school of Cornell university.—*New York Journal.*

Women Artists of New York.

The women artists of New York city are flourishing bravely. They are a fine set of women physically as well as artistically. The physical superiority comes no doubt from the fact that they are artists, and as such adapt to the least extent possible the abominations of modern dress. There is no beauty destroyer in the world that can equal a slightly bared bosom. The girl artists are said to hold the ring in special deportment. No doubt a genius will arise some day who will give us a dress pretty as well as comfortable, and till then we can only groan.

The artists, and also those not of the guild, have a rare opportunity offered them this winter in the series of Saturday morning lectures delivered at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There the eloquent words of the tenor here are supplemented by the stout but powerful influences of the masterpieces hanging on the walls.

The ear and the eye take in inspiration at the same moment. The lectures should accomplish much good.—*American Woman's Journal.*

Woman in Chemistry.

Miss Ida Welt, who gave a particular attention to the study of chemistry during her course at Vassar college, where she graduated in 1884, has since taken the regular course for doctors in medicine at the Geneva university, Switzerland, and after the short period of two years has passed an brilliant examination under Professors Tegener, Grawe and L. Seeger, being the only young woman who stood up against the many male students and the first among them all. She is still young— scarcely beyond her twenty-second birthday—and is one of four sisters, all of whom have entered upon a scientific career. The others are Dr. Rosa Welt-Strauss, who was for a long time clinical assistant of Dr. H. Knapp of this city; Dr. Lenore Welt, who is among the best known physicians of Switzerland; and Dr. Sara Welt of this city.—*Boston Journal.*

Table Tea Tables.

At the New York Decorative Art rooms and the Woman's Exchange are shown some very unique tea tables, which are designed especially for bachelors' rooms, for ladies' boudoirs and bedroom services and for the use of invalids who are confined to their rooms, as described for The Household. They are merely ordinary butlers' trays, with stands made of wood and painted white with enamel paint and gilded in lines or scrolls to make it more decorative. The handles of the tray are gilded, and a handsome tray cloth is placed on the wooden tray for the tea service to rest upon.

Anything more unique or practical in the way of a tea table would be difficult to find. The trays are sufficiently roomy to accommodate the usual tea service and several cups and saucers, with the plates of fancy wafers.

In the Dining Room.

Both the custom of removing the table-cloth from the mahogany of dinner and that of "laying it long at the wind" after the ladies have left the room, it is said, very much out in England. So also, according to Lady Jeannine, are long, heavy and expensive dinners. Eight dishes, each perfect of its kind and not taking more than an hour and a half to be properly served and consumed, are the outside limits to which the digestion, the invalids and the wives of guests should be taxed. It, however, neither your purse nor your cook is equal to the eight courses perfectly dressed and served, cut the number down to seven, to six, to five, even to four, but still insist on their perfection and dainty serving, and your guests will have pleasure.—*New York Post.*

A Sensation End.

I saw a board in a down town window the other day on which rested a dozen or so live canaries, with tiny chains fastened around them, all ready to be transferred to some silly woman's collar. They retailed at \$1 each, and I was informed that many women wore them. Well, it seems to me that they might be in better business! I'll wager what you like that these very people would be the ones to scream loudest if a mouse came near them or a canary dropped down on them from a tree. Women make pets of many queer things, but to me there is something loathsome about this latest fantastic fad, and I'd as soon go around with a live tent tied to my buttonhole.—*New York Recorder.*

Clergyman Favors Suffrage.

One of the most interesting expressions of opinion on the question of woman suffrage at the antipodes comes from



AMERICAN BUILDING AT THE ANWERP EXPOSITION.

the Roman Catholic prelate, Bishop Moran of Dunedin, New Zealand, who urged all qualified women to take advantage of the privilege of voting. He said he trusted much to the clear intelligence and right consciousness of the "bright female sex," and they have only to play a prudent and thoughtful part to improve and purify political life. The Roman Catholic bishop and clergy of Colorado also gave strong support and approval to woman suffrage during the recent successful campaign in that state.—*Exchange,*

Ellen Terry's Birthplace.

Where was Ellen Terry born? Nobody seems to know exactly. She doesn't even know herself, but thinks it must have been some inn or lodging house in Coventry. An inhabitant of that town attempted to solve the mystery by placing a card in his window bearing the inscription, "This is the birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry." The effort has been made ridiculous by a next door neighbor, who has started the world by displaying a card with this strange device, "This is the original birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry."—*Detroit Free Press.*

JUST IN TIME.

If It Wasn't Been For the Doctor, It Would Have Been So.

"Johnnie, is there a cramp on the desire?"

"No, pa."

"No horse waiting at the corner?"

"Why, no, indeed."

"No fixed off-color—gatesajar or broken columns—down stairs?"

"Of course not, pa."

"No undertaker sitting out on the front steps with a quartling of embalming fluid under his arm?"

"Why, certainly not, pa."

"See if there ain't a couple of tombstones standing on the other side of the street gazing upward at the window."

"Not one, pa."

"Then I must still be in the land of the living, and I ought to be thankful, but it's been a tough pull."

"You're bad," pretty tough, pa."

"I'm winter."

"The grip."

"I'm nothing. I haven't had the grip. There's four weeks I have spent in bed, never been due to grip. It was misplaced confidence, my son, and this is how it all happened. You probably remember I had a cold about a month ago, don't you?"

"Not one, pa."

"Then I must still be in the land of the living, and I ought to be thankful, but it's been a tough pull."

"Let me see—labor down for this winter, I think. Shall we make it?"

"Oh, dear, no! Not exactly second."

"And sometimes it makes us seem half enjoy that dance—Tut-tuts."

The Proper Thing.

Mother—How are you and Mr. Callig getting along? Has he proposed yet?

Daughter—No. He is just like this corn we are preparing for the Christmas tree.

Mother—How so?

Daughter—Don't pop merrily.

Mother—Then I like him.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Strolling a Visitor.

"When that man came to Chicago, sir, he couldn't write his name. And now he's worth millions."

"I suppose he has learned to write by this time."

"Write? That man, sir, yields the finest cattle pen in Chicago."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Cold Ride.

"But still came another. Jones was his name. I was almost home when I met him."

"A cold ride for you, old man, he whined as he crept into my hand. 'You have a bad case surely, but I have the champion grip,' says I."

"The grip," says he, and then he gave me a prescription. It consisted of a pint of black molasses, a pint of Irish whisky, a teaspoonful of red pepper and a half ounce of powdered quinine. Take that little dose before retiring, and you'll feel like a boy old in the morning," he said, with a fiendish grin.

"And did you do it, pa?"

"Yes, but that was not all. On the next corner I met Brown."

"Well, I see you've got the grip," he blurted out as he emitted a frightful smile.

"I've got the very stuff to knock it out in one night. What you want to do is to eat half a pound of loaf sugar soaked in coal oil, wrap yourself up in a wet sheet and go to bed, and tomorrow you'll be as lively as a gnat."

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"I wrote all the different remedies down, together with those which I was advised to use by 'Old Aunt Lizzy,' the cook, your mother, her mother and all the neighbors. The older I get, the more I am inclined to believe in old wives' tales."

"I suppose he has learned to write by this time."

"Write? That man, sir, yields the finest cattle pen in Chicago."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Gratis.

She—Mr. Rambler is awfully good to me.

Sends me flowers every day.

He—Yes. He is living with his uncle now.

She—What has that to do with it?

He—His uncle is in the undertaking business.—*Brooklyn Life.*

In Doubt.

Traveler in Missouri—I want to find the conductor. Who has charge of this train?

Conductor—Can't tell you, after we pass the next strip of woods.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Now's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for my case of catarrh that can not be cured. Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHESNEY & Co., Proprietors, Topeka.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Chesney for the last 15 years, and I believe him perfectly honest. In all his business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 10c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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